

Unforgettable

by Guardian of Hope

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Summary: A look at people you never notice at the SGC. OCs (LOTS of OCs), gen

## Unforgettable

A/N: Title courtesy of WWMTgirl. I'm not sure what this is, call it an experiment.

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><p>Brian peered around the bush he'd chosen as cover to scout the path ahead. There was still no sign of SG-1 and he knew that they would have to the mountain soon. To <em>Earth</em> soon. Brian shuddered a little, keeping his eyes on the path and the trees that looked a lot like the ones around his aunt's home in Washington. He didn't look up, at a sky that was not his own, unwilling to be distracted from the job at hand.

"Maybe they're dead."

Brian glanced to his left, where two members of his team were kneeling behind a different bush. The younger of the pair, Private Kaplan, was looking back at him, eyes wide.

"Don't ill wish," Sergeant Harper, the other man, said, cuffing Kaplan's shoulder.

"I'm just saying," Private Kaplan muttered.

"Private, Sergeant," Brian said warily.

"Sorry Lieutenant," the pair said.

Brian sighed and rested his back against a tree and silently wished he'd kept Tanner or Lincoln on his side. Harper was a good Marine, solid and loyal, and Brian owed the older man his life, but Kaplan

was greener than grass, with a baby face and the whine of a consummate momma's boy, exactly the sort that would grate on Harper's last nerve. Tanner had already proven able to ignore Kaplan at the boy's worst, and Lincoln had scared the kid silent with his knife and gun show. But something told Brian that Harper was a better choice this time. Impatience with Kaplan's attitude notwithstanding, Harper would keep Kaplan alive and in one piece better than Tanner or Lincoln, and Brian felt better with the Sergeant watching his six as well.

"Movement," Harper announced suddenly, lifting his gun.

Brian eased forward and peered around the bush and frown at the sight of a large group of people running down the path SG-1 had taken. They were mostly wearing robes, but everything Brian could say looked faded, patched, or worn. These were not rich people, and they were clearly terrified. Brian reached up to radio back to the team at the 'gate, but another figure in green suddenly emerged from the group.

It was the scientist that had come from beyond the Gate.

Brian stood up and stepped into the path, lifting his gun slightly as the group slowed down. He could hear Harper cursing him, but he focused on the scientist who was now throwing up his hands. "Don't shoot!"

"Do I look like I'm going to shoot?" Brian demanded, "What's going on here?"

"Um, look, uh," the man hesitated for a minute.

"Lieutenant James," Brian said, "what's going on?"

"These are prisoners of the Goa'uld," the scientist said, "We freed them because the Goa'uld were going to kill them. They were taken from their home just like Sha're and your Airman. Colonel O'Neill said we'd help them."

Brian sighed, and glanced over as Tanner stepped into the road.  
"Where is the Colonel now?"

"He's at the back, there was firing," Daniel said, he swallowed, "he said to get to the 'gate."

"Right," Brian said, "keep moving. I'll let the Major know." He stepped back and gestured to Tanner, "Doc, be ready for hostiles."

"Yes sir," Tanner said, he glanced at the scientist, "Do you have any injured with you, Doctor Jackson?"

"No," Doctor Jackson said with a quick head shake, "I don't think so."

"Then get moving," Brian snapped. He glared at the two, "If there's going to be a fight, I'd rather not have to look after three dozen civilians."

Doctor Jackson stared at him for a moment, then nodded and turned to

the group, telling them something in a language Brian didn't recognize. Whatever it was, they quickly started moving again. "Doc," Brian called over the crowd, "They'll get medical back at the mountain. We need to be ready for what's really coming."

Tanner gave him a disgusted look before backing into the woods again.

Brian took up his position behind the bush with a headshake. Tanner was a good corpsman, but sometimes he forgot that they weren't exactly a mobile field hospital for any refugees they stumbled across. He reached for his radio, "Major Kowalski," he said, "this is James."

"Report," Kowalski said.

"Doctor Jackson is heading for the gate with approximately three dozen civilians. He said they were prisoners, and Colonel O'Neill said to help them, sir."

"Did you see the Colonel?"

"No sir," Brian swallowed, "Doctor Jackson said he was at the rear, and that there was fighting."

"All right Lieutenant. Keep your people where they are until you've seen Colonel O'Neill and Major Carter. Assist them if necessary and fall back with them to the Stargate unless the Colonel tells you otherwise."

"Yes sir," Brian said. He glanced at Kaplan, who was looking pale, as if he'd just realized he was going to be using the gun he carried. Harper had that blank look he got just before he started firing. Brian didn't need to see Tanner to know the corpsman was checking his pockets for his medical supplies while Lincoln stood guard. He checked for his spare magazines as the last of the civilians passed, then he moved into the road, trying to listen.

"Sir?" Lincoln said.

Three figures appeared on the road and Brian lifted his gun, recognizing Colonel O'Neill and Major Carter, but not their companion. He was dressed like the guards on the security tape Brian had seen, but he was clearly sticking close to the Colonel.

"Lieutenant James," Colonel O'Neill said.

"Yes sir," Brian said, saluting as the trio slowed down. "We're rear guard. Doctor Jackson and the civilians passed by here not five minutes ago."

"Good," Colonel O'Neill said, returning the salute, "we've got hostiles on our tail." He pointed at their companion, "This is Teal'c, he helped us. Don't shoot him."

"Yes sir," Brian said, "better get moving sir."

The Colonel stared at him for a moment, then gestured to Teal'c and they started moving again. Brian shifted his gun and stepped back

from the road, considering his options. "Lieutenant," Lincoln said, "I'm ready with the claymore, and I know Harper has C4."

Brian couldn't stop his grin, "Always wanting to blow something up, Corporal?"

"Well, not always sir," Lincoln said with a smirk.

"Get moving," Brian said, "we don't know how close they are."

Lincoln ran the wire across the path and Harper moved to help him set up the trip wire quickly. Brian kept his eyes on the path, trusting his men to set things up properly. "We got movement," he said softly over his shoulder.

"We're ready," Lincoln said.

"Let's pull back," Brian said. They left the tripwire behind and headed down the path, but they soon heard a high pitched whining sound just as a tree exploded just behind them. Brian hissed between his teeth, not willing to explode with the kind of language that would reveal just how much trouble they might be. He glanced over his shoulder and nodded at the sight of approaching aircraft. He hit his radio, "Major Kowalski, Colonel O'Neill, be warned, there are three bogies in the air." One of them fired and Brian winced against the debris from the tree it struck. "They're definitely hostile."

"Get back to the gate, Lieutenant," Kowalski said.

"Working on it sir," Brian said.

Streaks of red light shot between the group and Harper spun, leveled his shotgun and fired. Brian turned as well, hearing Tanner and Lincoln's carbines opening up even as he targeted one of the tall, armor wearing men with their staffs.

A muffled scream, followed by Tanner's short expletive tore Brian's attention away before he could see if he'd hit his target. "Doc?" He said, trying to get his attention back on making another shot.

"Kaplan's hit," Tanner said. "Bad."

"Harper, Lincoln," Brian said, "get him gone. Tanner, do what you can on the move. I'll cover."

"Sir," Harper protested.

"Sergeant," Brian said, triggering a burst of fire, "did I stutter?"

"No sir," Harper said.

The hostiles hit the tripwire and the claymore went up with a roar. "Move!" Brian snapped.

They moved, Harper and Lincoln had Kaplan's arms over their shoulders, the private was clearly unconscious and Brian hoped that it wouldn't become the limpness of death before they got out of

there.

The whine of an aircraft made Brian duck instinctively even before he could hear the distinctive sound of the craft's lasers. The ground shifted, dropping down slightly, then heaving itself into the air like a creature beneath it was straining to escape. Brian experienced a moment of weightlessness, then he hit something. There was a flash of pain across his back and hips, then his head exploded with pain for a brief moment before the world went black.

End  
file.